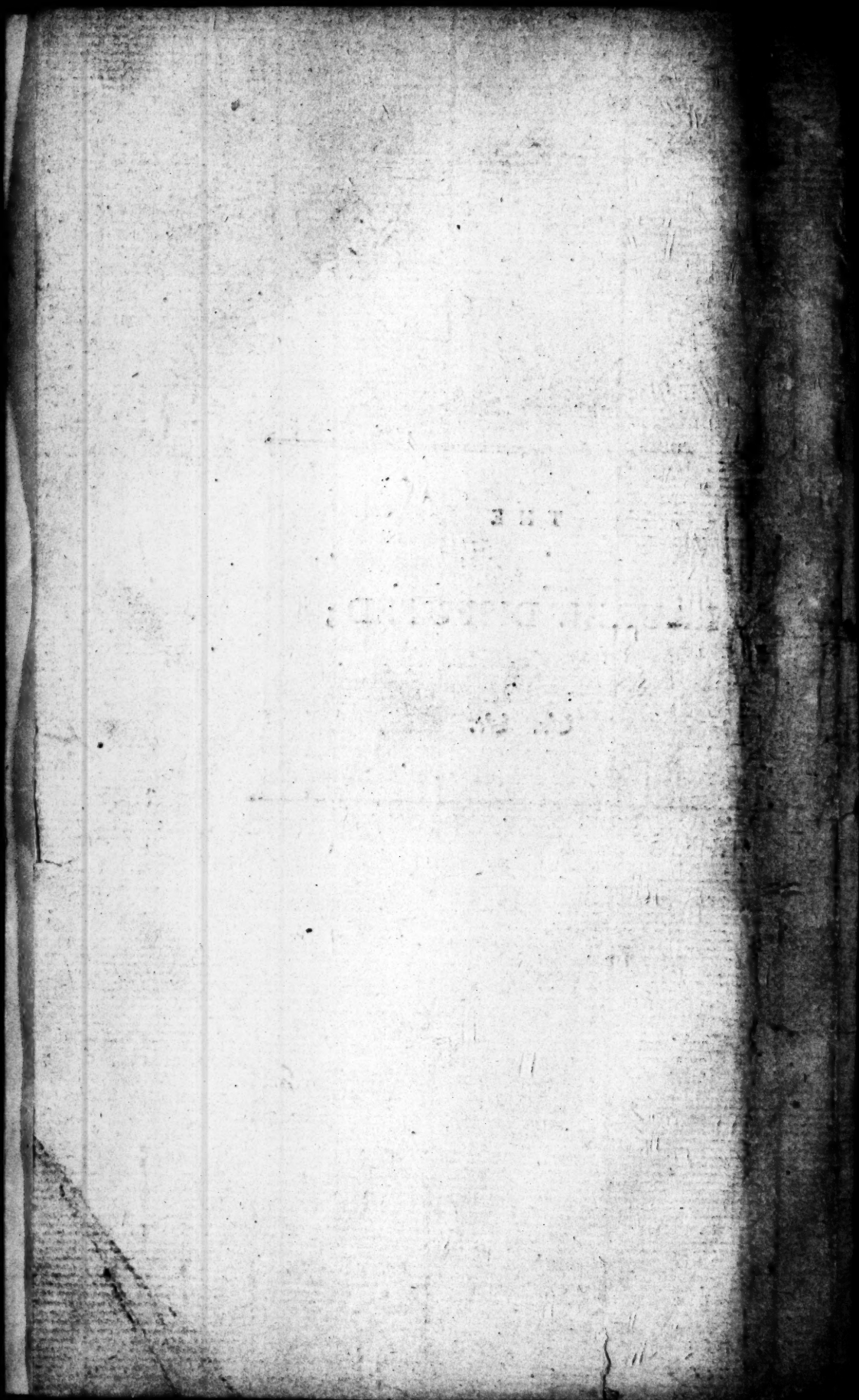


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THE
LAUREL DISPUTED;

Vol. 1.



THE
LAUREL DISPUTED;

OR, THE
MERITS OF ALLAN RAMSAY

AND
ROBERT FERGUSON CONTRASTED;

IN TWO POETICAL ESSAYS,

Delivered in the Pantheon at Edinburgh, on Thursday April 14th 1791,

On the Question,

*"Whether have the Exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert
Ferguson done more Honour to Scotch Poetry?"*

BY E. PICKEN, AND A. WILSON.

To merit's brow this garland gives the Muse,
For who to Merit would a wreath deny?
Tho' base neglect the due deserts refuse,
Fair Fame forbids the Poet's name to die.

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T H E
LAUREL DISPUTED, &c.

POEM I.

Qu'il soit celebre qui merite de l'etre.

NOR the red thunderbolts of direful war ;
Whether he lead his legions to the fray
In glittering arms, or, on the bellowing main,
Terrific, bears the ensigns of his power,
I sing ; nor happy peace, with opiate balm
That heals the wound of discord ; nor that
power
That melts the heart to tenderness and love ;
Nor beauty, that, with dear, deluding charm,
Steals on the sense resistless ;—but that tongue
Whose every note was melody ; inform'd

By Heav'n with all the powers of song ; such
 sounds

As vibrate on the heart, and wake to life
 Each tender feeling. Every flower be mine,
 To deck the sod that wraps his hallow'd mould ;
 And, hap'ly, while a friend's officious hand
 Performs the humble rite, Memory, sweet
 maid !

Tenacious of his fame, may recognize
 Ramsay, the master of the Scottish Lyre,
 And raise some worthier trophy to his name.

Soft as from Heav'n the dew of orient morn
 Falls on the lap of May : Sweet as the breath
 Of some kind zephyr that has brush'd the
 blooms
 Of Summer's fairy train ;—so on my heart
 Ye Muses ! let your influence now descend.

Long had the Scotian lyre remain'd un-
 strung ;
 The rustic beauty, fair as fairest leaf

In Flora's train, and soft and innocent
 As is the lamb that on the grassy sward
 Frisks playful, from the udder yet unwean'd,
 Long, long had tripp'd the dewy green unsung,
 Yet not less fair, less lovely. Fancy, fir'd
 With innocence and virtue, did not warm
 The breast of genius. Blushing modesty,
 Like some sweet fairy bloom, that in a wild
 Blows unadmir'd, unseen, liv'd not in song.

The Spring that with her fingers dropping
 balm

Lur'd from its parent root the infant blade,
 And laughing Summer, that with lavish hand
 Strew'd annual blossoms on the hill and dale,
 And Autumn teeming with unbounded joy,
 Showr'd down their blessings on unconscious
 heads,
 That rais'd no song of honest gratitude
 To tell their sense of nature's general joy.

Then gloom invested the poetic sky,
 And all its wide horizon lay in shade,
 Till Ramsay, dawning like the star of morn,
 In orient brilliance o'er his natal plains,
 Shed the fair lustre of enlivening day.

E'er yet his infant fingers touch'd the strings,
 Or prov'd the pow'r of harmony, kind Hea-
 ven

Saw the young bud of genius bursting forth,
 And smil'd indulgence. Soon the woods and
 plains

Retain'd the rural lay, and echo learn'd
 The song. The blue-ey'd Naiads of the stream,
 At setting summer eve were heard to sing
 The Scottish sonnet; while the woodland
 nymph,

With tresses waving in the fauning breeze, *fanning*
 Chanted the ballad as she skiff'd along.

Fame from Olympus with a laurel bough
 Descends, and, with the glowing charm of song,

Fashions a wreath ; the Muses smile applause ;
 And, while she, doubtful of the worthiest head,
 Suspends the charm in view, Ramsay, enrapt
 In all the flame of warm enthusiasm,
 O'ertop'd the throng, and from her willing
 hand
 Snatch'd down the waving honour. Envy
 grinn'd

To see young Genius bind it on his brow ;
 And Malice, swelling as he mov'd along,
 Ey'd him askance, and look'd malicious hate.

The charms of nature fir'd th' immortal
 bard ;

The charms of friendship, and the charms of
 love.

Unlike the soul, immers'd in fordid views,
 That hunts delusive gain : him, nor the laugh
 Of jocund dawn can rouse to happiness
 Of kind domestic bliss ; nor evening mild,
 In bland allurements rock into a dream
 Of pleasure. Ramsay ! thou wast form'd

With every finer feeling of the soul,
 Which, in the varied scenes by Fancy drawn,
 Could taste melifluous joy, that prompts the
 song
 Of tenderness, and, in congenial minds,
 Lights all the soft emotions into life.

Hail, winding Fortha! by thy verdant
 banks
 Oft stray'd the laughing Caledonian Bard:
 And, while the breezes curl'd thy amber waves,
 Amusive, on some flow'ry hillock gay,
 With daisies overgrown, he'd sit him down
 And sing. Ye Muses! tell your poet's worth.

The power to please was his. His the soft
 note
 That won the heart, and stole upon the sense.
 His style seem'd ay the language of the heart;
 Not the forc'd swell of florid bombast art,
 From rock to rock, that, like a cataract's fall,
 Dashes unruly. His a milder strain:

"Simple and elegant ; smooth as the stream
 "That thro' the valley winds its easy way."
 Yet not devoid of wit—that, like the gem,
 Could cut or sparkle as its author will'd ;
 Nor humour, that with gay resistless smile,
 Curl'd the features and unbent the brow
 Of melancholy ; nor that flowing ease,
 That led the willing numbers smoothly on.

Eager the Muse for Caledonia's fame,
 Blest fair Edina with a later bard ;
 He, with the charms of a young rising plant,
 In the gay morn that nods its head in dew,
 Rose lovely ; fraught with every grace of
 youth,
 And promising the fairest of the field.
 Thrice happy hours ! too happy long to
 last ;
 Short is the reign of Nature's choicest blooms.
 From the green stem the blushing rose depends,
 Child of a day ! full fondly we admire
 Its hue, its fragrance : Soon the noontide ray

Preys on its life, or withering breezes blast
Its bloom, and blot its beauties from the year.

Ah ! hapless fate ! yet such a fate was thine,
Such, Ferguson ! that nipp'd thy rising shoot
In pride of youth, and rest thee from the love
The care, the hearts, the wishes of thy friends.

What genius was, and what it would have
been,
The mind may judge. With him are wide
extremes.

Ramsay's sweet lines have won the tongue of
praise,

Far as report has fam'd the Scottish song ;
Where hapless Ferguson's poetic lay
Is nameless. Not the fault of sterling worth,
But chance unkindly. He had merit too.

Him Phoebus blest with weaker powers of
song ;

Yet not unworthy of the Muse's praise.

Genius he had. His energetic lines
 Like Ramsay's touch'd the heart; yet not
 alike
 The pleasure felt. The youth was flash and
 fire;
 The sage, mild, soft, persuasive. *That* with force
 Subdu'd the sense, and made himself admir'd;
This charm'd the heart, and boasts a lasting
 power
 To please. The envious hand of ruthless fate
 Cropp'd *that* untimely, circumscrib'd his fame,
 Which in a goodlier orbit might have shone,
 And put a cruel limit to his power.
This to maturer life felt the warm glow
 Of inspiration. On his aged brow,
 Though gathering wrinkles crept, impartial
 fame
 Bound laurels on anew. His happy toil
 Has fix'd the æra of the Scottish song.

While modern Bards would imitate the lay,
 Though fire and fancy animate their lines,

They want the sweet simplicity of style,
 The harmony, the grace, the native ease
 That Ramsay boasts of. His the tongue of
 joy,

That sounds the gratitude of gay content.
 His are the strains that guileless shepherds sing,
 As in the dale they tend their woolly flock.
 His now the lay that cheers the vacant mind,
 While youths sit clustering round the flowing
 bowl;

And his the song, that in the mirthful ear
 Sounds grateful, while the rosy milk-maid
 blithe

Raises her artless note; or industry
 Chants merrily to chase his care away. [love,
 But sweeter yet the strain that whisper'd
 And to the fair one told an honest tale
 Of undesigning truth. This too was his,

Nature then treads the stage, when Patie
 woos,
 And rural life; the manners of the swains,

In easy, simple, unaffected guise ;
 Such garb as guiltless modesty has worn,
 And innocence, when with resistless charm
 They strove to win us from the lap of vice.

While some with zeal pourtray the madd'n-
 ing bands,
 That heedless rush on threatening death, to win
 The doubtful laurel ; or the civil broils
 That rend society ; Ramsay, reclin'd
 Beneath some hallow'd shade, enraptur'd views
 The artless beauty of the rural cot,
 With dewy barefoot as she trips along
 The summer morn, and treads the daisy down ;
 Or marks the winding of some wandring rill,
 Whose humble tribute, purling down the dale,
 In distant murmur, tinkles as it flows ;
 Or eyes the whirling eddies of the stream
 In playful curls, as they salute the shore
 Diverging ; or the flowret's odorous bloom,
 The verdant green, the hill, the wood, the dale,
 And all the spreading landscape as it smiles.

Avaunt corroding care ! four-looking spleen,
 And avarice, and envy. These to minds
 Be doom'd that relish not to sip unscar'd
 The nectar of content. Be mine to prove
 The golden mean that genders smiling ease,
 While happiness fits blooming on the brow.

Be mine the task to woo the Scottish Muse,
 To tread where Time indented on the green
 Preserves the footsteps of Edina's Bard.

Ye swains ! the pride of Caledonian fields,
 That love the Muse, O hold his memory dear,
 Whether fair morn in orient fragrance mild,
 With dewy fingers cheers the smiling lawn,
 And wakes each flowret into life and joy,
 Or sober eve, with solemn silent step
 Steals on, and laps their beauties in her veil.

Ye rosy Maids ! of healthiest, fairest hue,
 In whose blithe mien a thousand cupids play,
 Whose every *action*, every *word* is *sweet* ;
 Sweet in his verse, your every charm is sung,

Nor *sweeter* than they are : your pouting lip,
 Your cheek, where undulating crimson dwells;
 Your *eyes* inviting love, your dimpl'd *chin*,
 Your *blush*, your *smile*, and every nameless
grace.

Oft as fond recollection, of his worth
 Full conscious, calls the poet to your mind.
 Hush not the sighs of tenderness that heave,
 When grave reflection stamps a vanity
 On all the sweets of life, and mourns the fate
 Of Heaven's best gifts, the short-liv'd fleeting
 joy

That lures the heart torn from our warm *esteem*,
 And blotted from the day. Mute is the tongue
 That sung your charms ; and ah ! too soon
 these charms

Like clouds that vanish at the blush of dawn,
 Steal from the cheek, and laugh our *love* to
 scorn.

Ramsay ! this tribute of applause is thine,
 Yet less the honour that the wreath is mine.

E. PICKEN.

T H E
LAUREL DISPUTED, &c.

POEM II.

BEFORE ye a' ha'e doon, I'd humbly crave,
To speak twa words or three, amang the lave,
No for mysel, but for an honest Carle,
Wha's seen right mony changes i' the warl',
But is fae blate, down here he durstna come,
Left, as he said, his fears might ding him
dumb;

An' than he's frail,—fae beg'd me to repeat
His simple thoughts about this fell debate,
Hegied me this lang scroll; it's e'en right brown;
I'll let you hear't just as he has't set down.

“ Last ouk, our Elspa, wi' some creels o' eggs,
An' three fat eerocks fas'en'd by the legs,

Gaed down to Embrugh, caft a new bane
kame,

An' brought a warl' o' news and clafhes hame:
For fhe's fcarce out a day, an' gets a *text*,
But I'm dung deaf wi' clatter a' the next;
She'll tell a' what fhe heard frae en' to en',
Her cracks to wives, *wives* cracks to her again,
Till wi' quo I's, quo fhe's, an' fo's, her skirle
Sets my twa lugs a ringing like a gir'le.

'Maing ithar ferlies whilk my kimmer faw,
Was your *prent paper* batter't on the wa';
She faid fhe kentna rightly what it meant,
But faw fome words o' goud an' poets in't!
This gart me glour, fae aff fets I my lane
To Daniel Reid's, an auld frien' o' my my ain,
He gets the news, and tauld me that ye'd
hecht

A dawd o' goud, on this fame fursday night,
To him wha'd fhow, in clinking verfes drest,
Gin Ramsay's fangs or Fergufon's war beft.

Trouth I was glad to hear ye war fae kind,
 As keep our flee-tongu'd Billies in your mind ;
 An' tho' our Elspa ca'd me mony a gouk,
 To think to speak amang fae mony fouk,
 I gat my staff, pat on my bonnet braid,
 An' best blue breeks that war but fernyear
 made ;

A faxpence too, to let me in bedeen,
 An' thir auld spentacles to help my een ;
 Sae I'm come here, in houps ye'll a' agree,
 To hear a frank auld kintra man like me.

In days whan Dryden sang ilk bonny morn,
 An' Sandy Pope began to tune his horn,
 Whan chiels round Lon'on chaunted a' fu'
 thrang,

But poor, cauld Scotlan' fat without a sang ;
 Droll Will Dunbar frae flyting than was freed.
 An' Douglas too, an' Kennedy were dead,
 An' nane were left, in hamely cracks to praise
 Our ain sweet lasses, or our ain green braes.

Far aff our gentles for their poets flew,
 An' scorn'd to own that lallan sangs they
 knew,

Till Ramfay raise. O blythsome, hearty days !
 Whan Allan tun'd his chaunter on the braes !
 Auld Reekie than frae blackest, darkest wa's
 To richest rooms resounded his applause,
 An' whan the nights were dreary, lang an'
 dark,

The beasts a' fothert an' the lads frae wark,
 The lasses wheels, thrang birring round the
 ingle,

The ploughman borin wi' his brogs an' lingel,
 The herds wires clicking ovr the ha'-
 wrought hofe,

The auld Gudeman's een ha'flins like to close,
 The *Gentle Shepherd* frae the bole was ta'en,
 Than sleep I trow was banish'd frae their een,
 The cankriest than was kittled up to daffin,
 An' fides and chafts maist riven war wi'
 laughin.

Sic war the joys his cracks cou'd eith afford,
 To Peer an' Ploughman, Barrowman or Lord,
 In ilka clauchan wife, man, wean an' callan,
 Cracket an' fang frae morn to e'en o' Allan.

Learn'd fouk that lang in colleges an' schools
 Hae fooket learning to the vera hools,
 An' think that naething charms the heart fae
 weel's
 Lang cracks o' Gods, Greeks, Paradife and
 Deils,

Their pows are cram't fae fu' o' lear an' art,
 Plain, simple nature canna reach their heart;
 But whare's the rustic, that can, readin', see
 Sweet Peggy skiffin ow'r the dewy lee,
 Or wishfu' stealing up the the surny howe
 To gaze on Pate, laid sleeping on the knowe;
 Or hear how Bauldy ventur'd to the deil,
 How thrawn auld Carlines skelpit him afiel';
 How Jude wi's hawk met Satan i' the moss;
 How *Skin-flint* grain't his pocks o' goud to los;

How bloody snouts an' bloody beards war
gi'en

To smiths and clowns at *Christ's kirk on the
green*;

How twa daft Herds wi' little sence or havings,
Din'd by the road—on honest Hawkie's leav-
ings,

How Hab maist brak the priest's back wi' a
rung;

How deathless Addie died, an' how he fung;

Whae'er can thae (o' mae I needna speak)

Read tenty ow'r at his ain ingle cheek,

An' no fin', *semething* glowan thro' his blood,

That gars his een glowr thro' a filler flood,

May close the beuk, poor coof! and lift his
spoon;

His heart's as hard's the tackets in his shoon.

Lang saxty year hae whiten't ow'r this
powe,

An' mony a height I've seen, an' mony a
howe;

But aye whan Elspa flate, or things gaed
 wrang,

Next to my pipe was Allie's fleekit fang;
 I thought him blyther ilka time I read,
 An' mony a time, wi' unco glee I've said,
 That ne'er in Scotland wad a chiel appear,
 Sae droll, sae hearty, sae confoundet queer,
 Sae glibly-gabbet or sae bauld again,
 I said, I fwor't—but deed I was mistaen.
 Up frae auld Reekie Ferguson begoud,
 In fell auld phraze that pleases aye the crowd,
 To chear their hearts whiles wi' an antrin fang,
 Whilk, far an' near, round a' the kintry rang.

At first I thought the fwankie didna ill—
 Again I glowrt to hear him better still.
 Bauld, flee and sweet, his lines mair glorious
 grew,
 Glow'd round the heart, and glanc'd the faul
 out thro';
 But whan I saw the freaks o' *Hallow-fair*,
 Brought a' to view as plain as I'd been there,

An' heard, wi' teeth maist chatterin i' my
head,

Twa kirk-yard Ghaisfs raif'd goustly frae the
dead,

Daiz'd Sandy greetan for his thriftless wife,
How cam'scheuch *Samy* fud been fed in Fife,
Poor Will an' Geordy mourning for their
frien',

The *Farmers ingle*, an' the cracks at e'en,
My heart cry'd out, while tears war drappan
fast,

O Ramsay, Ramsay, art thou beat at last !

Ae night the lift was skinklan a' wi' starns,
I cross'd the burn, an' dauner't thro' the cairns,
Down to auld Andrew Ralston's o' Craig-neuk,
To hear *his* thoughts, as he had seen the beuk,
(Andrew's a gay droll haun,—ye'll ablins ken
him—

It maksna, I had hecht some sangs to len' him,)

Aweel, quo' I, as foon's I reek't the hallan,
 What think ye now o' our bit Embrugh cal-
 lan?

"Saf's man," quo' Andrew, "yon's an un-
 co chiel!

He surely has some dealings wi' the deil!
 There's no' a turn that ony o' us can work at,
 At hame or yet a' fiel', at kirk or market,
 But he describ'ft, as paukily an' fell,
 As gin he'd been a kintra man himsel'.
 Yestreen, I'm fure, beside our auld gudewife,
 I never leugh as meikle a' my life,
 To read the king's-birth-day's fell hurry burry,
 How *draigl't Puffey* flies about like fury;
 Faith, I ken that's a fact.—The last birth-day,
 As I stood glouring up an' down the way,
 A dead cat's guts, before I cou'd suspect,
 Harl't thro' dirt, cam clash about my neck,
 An' while wi' baith my nieves frae 'bout I tok
 it,

Wi' perfect stink, I thought I wad a bocket.

His stories too are tell't sae sleek an' baul';
 Ilk oily word rins jinking thro' the faul.
 What he describes, before your een ye sec't,
 As plain an' lively as ye see that peat.

It's my opinion, John, that this young fal-
 low,
 Excells them a', an' beats auld Allan hallow,
 An' shews, at twenty-twa, as great a giftie
 For painting just, as Allan did at fifty."

You, Mr. President, ken weel yerfel,
 Better by far than kintra-fouks can tell,
 That they wha reach the gleg auld farrant art,
 In verse to melt, an' soothe, an' mend the
 heart;

To raise up joy, or rage, or courage keen,
 And gar ilk passion sparkle in our een,
 Sic chiels, (whare'er they hae their ha' or
 hame),

Are *true-blue* bards, and wordy o' the name.
 Sud ane o' thae, by lang experience, man
 To spin out tales frae mony a pawky plan,

An' set's a laughing at his blauds o' rhyme,
 Wi' fangs, aft polish'd by the haun o' time ;
 And should some *stripling*, still mair light o'
 heart,

A livelier humour to his cracks impart :
 Wi' careless pencil draw—yet gar us stare
 To see our ain fire-sides and meadows there ;
 To see our thoughts, our hearts, our follies
 drawn,

And nature's fel' fresh starting frae his haun ;
 Wad mony words, or speeches lang, be needed,
 To tell whase rhymes war best—wha clearest
 headed ?

Sits there within the four wa's o' this house,
 Ae chiel o' taste, droll, reprobate or douse,
 Whase blessed lugs hae heard young Rob
 himsel,

(Light as the lamb that dances on the dell,
 Lay aff his auld Scots crack wi' pawky glee,
 And seen the fire that darted frae his ee ?

O let him speak ! O let him try t' impart,
The joys that than gush'd headlang on his
heart,

Whan ilka line, and ilka *lang-syne* glowr
Set faes, an' frien's, and Pantheons in a roar !
Did e'er auld Scotland fin', a nobler pride
Through a' her veins, and glowan bosom glide,
Than when her muse's dear young fav'rite
bard,

Wi' her hale strength o' wit, and fancy fir'd,
Raife frae the thrang, and kin'ling at the sound,
Spread mirth, conviction, truth and rapture
round ?

To set Rob's youth and inexperience by,
His lines are sweeter and his flights mair high.
Allan, I own, may show far mair o' art ;
Rob pours at once his raptures on the heart.
The *first* by labour mans our breast to move ;
The *last* exalts to extasy and love.
In Allan's verse *sage steeness* we admire ;
In Rob's, the glow of fancy, and of fire,

And genius bauld, that nought but deep distress,
And base neglect, and want, could e'er suppress.

O hard, hard fate !—but cease, thou friendly
tear,

I darna mourn my dear lo'ed Bardie here,
Else I might tell, how his great soul had soar'd,
And nameless ages wonder'd, and ador'd,
Had friends been kind, and had not his young
breath,
And rising glory, been eclips'd by death.

But lest owre lang I lengthen out my
crack,

An' Epps be wearying for my coming back,
Let ane an' a' here, vote as they incline,
Frae heart and faul Rob Ferguson has mine,

A. WILSON.

At the solicitation of a number of respectable characters, the Authors have inserted the two following little pieces, which, it is hoped, will at least have the merit of variety.

THE CELESTIAL FUDDLE,

A SONG.

A LONG time ago,
 When Bacchus was a stripling,
 Before the jolly god of drink
 Had learnt the way of tippling;
 Jove gave his guests some mellow wine,
 And Ganymede was warming it;
 The Goddeffes grew roaring drunk,
 And swore there was no harm in it.

CHORUS.

*Thus the celestials,
 On guzzling voracious,
 The deities no shackles wore ;
 In unity solacious,
 The gleesome nights ran dancing by,
 In pleasures multifarious ;
 The gods forgot to go to bed,
 Their drink was so nectarcous.*

Jove's golden palace quickly grew
 An arsenal tavernian ;
 And many a pipe of wine had he,
 Both maffic and Phalernian,
 Juno foil'd her wedding gown,
 And took a mighty huff of it,
 While Bacchus puk'd in Venus' lap,
 And swore he had enough of it,
Thus the celestials, &c.

Venus call'd young Bacchus sot,
 And swore his tongue was stammering ;
 Alas! reply'd the god of smiths,
 I'm quite unfit for hammering !

Comus fat with laughing phiz,
And pass'd his jokes so clever off;
While Mercury behind their backs
Was stealing Cupid's quiver off.
Thus the celestials, &c.

The merry gods grown mortal drunk,
From cloud to cloud were tumbling,
And, diving headlong thro' the smoke,
Set all their wit a jumbling :
Great Æolus forgot the storms
That bellow'd thro' the undervault ;
The Graces ran away for shame,
And crept behind a thunderbolt,
Thus the celestials, &c.

Go, Ganymede, Minerva cry'd,
And bring a glass of Lethe up ;
For sooth my father's face is turn'd
As sooty as an Æthiop.
Come drink, ye gods, and all forget,
The wine will be your ruin here :

I'm sure the Mortals on the earth
 May wonder what we're doing here.
Thus the celestials, &c.

Another bumper, Bacchus cry'd,
 'The liquor's scarce in season yet ;
 Odzooks you wou'd not have us rise
 Before we get our weafons wet.
 Venus flipt away by stealth ;
 And Vulcan he was missing her ;
 The jade was snug behind a cloud,
 Where Mars was sily kissing her.
Thus the celestials, &c.

Come rise up, Bacchus, Jove did cry,
 Your friends must break the quorum up ;
 There's some of 'em who sleep so sound,
 That Boreas scarce could roar 'em up.
 Henceforth I dubb thee god of wine,
 Yet do not often fwill of it,
 Unless at such a time as this ;
 Then take thy hearty will of it.

CHORUS.

*Thus the celestials,
On guzzling voracious,
The deities no shackles wore ;
In unity solacious,
The gleesome nights ran dancing by
In pleasures multifarious ;
The gods forgot to go to bed,
Their drink was so nectareous.*

E. P.

E L E G Y

Addressed to a Young Lady.

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair.

YOUNG.

THOU dearest object of my soul on earth,
Thou kind, young sharer of my joys and
woe,
Forgive, while here I pour my sorrows forth,
E'er life's last current from its fountain flow.

The hour arrives with heaven's supreme behest;
Advancing death in awful pomp I see;
Disease now writhes within my troubled breast;
And past are all the joys of life with me.

Farewell ye pleasing scenes of fond delight.

Farewell ye hopes that promis'd once so
well ;

Ye charms that shot through my enraptur'd
fight;

Ye days of peace, ye nights of joy farewell.

No more with thee the drou'y town I'll leave,
To tread the dews, and breathe the sweets
of morn,

Nor fondly wish the dear return of eve,
To meet thee blushing near the lonely thorn.

The eyes that gaz'd unwearied on thy charms,
The heart that wont at sight of *thee* to leap,
A few sad hours will finish its alarms,
And seal *their* orbs in everlasting sleep.

When this weak pulse hath number'd out its
date,

When all my hopes and all my fears are o'er,

When each young friend shall pensive tell my
fate,

And death's black train stand mournful at
my door :

Then oh ! Lavinia, while thou dost survey,

The pale, chang'd features, once to thee well
known,

The limbs that flew thy dictates to obey,

The arms that oft enclasp'd thee as their
own ;

Check not the tear that trembles in thine eye,

Nor stop the sigh that struggles from thy
heart ;

These are the rites for which I'd rather die,

Than all the pomp of marble and of art.

Lavinia, oh ! thou dear, thou precious name !

That opes each wound, and tears my tremb-
ling heart,

Wilt thou vouchsafe one poor request I claim,

To breathe one wish one prayer e'er we
part ?

(39)

O round thy head may heaven its blessings
strew,

May angels waft each comfort to thy cell,

Pure be thy peace—thy tears, thy troubles few ;

Thou kindest maid, thou dearest friend fare-
well.

A. W.

F I N I S.

